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Monika K. Hellwig

Marianist Award Lecture/1993

A Catholic Scholar's Journey
through the Twentieth Century



The University of Dayton

A CATHOLIC SCHOLAR'S JOURNEY
THROUGH THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY

by MONIKA K. HELLWIG

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Marianist Award Lecture
1993

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MONIKA K. HELLWIG is the Landegger Distinguished University Professor of Theology at Georgetown University. Born in Silesia in 1929, she grew up there and in the Netherlands, Scotland and England in the midst of the turmoil of World War II. Her undergraduate and law degrees were from the University of Liverpool, and her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from The Catholic University of America. She has been a member of the Theology Department of Georgetown since 1967, and has been a visiting summer professor at a dozen universities, including the University of Dayton in 1986.

A past president of the Catholic Theological Society of America, Dr. Hellwig received that society's John Courtney Murray Award in 1984. She is also the recipient of twelve honorary degrees. Among her many professional activities, she has been an associate editor of the *Journal of Ecumenical Studies* since 1973, an editorial consultant for the *Religious Studies Bulletin* since 1983, and was a member of the editorial board of *Theological Studies* from 1981 to 1991. She is a much traveled lecturer and the author of fourteen books and many articles in both professional and general publications. Dr. Hellwig is the single adoptive parent of three now-grown children.



The following lecture was given at the University of Dayton on the occasion of the presentation of the Marianist Award to Monika K. Hellwig, January 28, 1993.



A CATHOLIC SCHOLAR'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

We are graced to live in a century in which both the world and the church have been going through significant evolutionary changes at lightning speed. The full meaning and impact of these changes will only be apparent in retrospect, and we who are here today may no longer be alive to understand what was happening in the world and church of our time, but our attempts to see the signs of the times with the eyes of gospel faith will be not only a response of gratitude to God, a kind of contemporary *Magnificat*, but also a gift of wisdom to those who come after us.

Such a reading of the signs of the times and of the redemptive grace being dispensed in them is necessarily rather like a jigsaw puzzle in which each of us holds certain of the pieces which will make up the picture only when joined with the others. All biography is of this nature, and autobiography gives a certain depth and immediacy of meaning which is a great gift to others but only becomes entirely trustworthy when it achieves balance in complementarity with the stories of others. It is with this hope and this caution that I offer you a retrospective on the twentieth century church and its world as I have known them. If I offer some personal details from my own life, it is so that you may know just where the observer was standing who saw what I relate, and what was the personal experience and formation that shaped the interpretation of what was seen.

THE EARLY YEARS

I was born in Breslau, in Silesia — an area then part of Germany, in December 1929. Germany was suffering terribly from the great depression (though my immediate family was comfortably placed), and a few months later, in 1930, Hitler's German National Socialist Workers' Party (Nazis for short) won a great election victory. When I was three years old, Hitler became Chancellor of Germany and

within a year he had consolidated his power by having police and other forces under his direct personal control, giving him power to murder all his political opponents by mid-1934, and to become the unchallengeable dictator (under the euphemism of "leader") when President von Hindenburg died in August of that year. By 1935 when we moved to Berlin in pursuit of my father's career as an economist, Germany had become a place of fear and tension among intellectuals, professionals, artists and families such as mine which had a wholly or partly Jewish background. When my father was killed that Christmas, many of my relatives were already fleeing Germany, and my artist mother took her three children to Limburg, the southernmost province of the Netherlands. This was where I was standing as a child observer of church and world of that time.

My parents had grown up in World War I and its terrible aftermath for Germany. They spoke little about this, but they were not optimistic about the politics of Germany or its potential at that time for genuine democracy. And where was the church? As we children experienced it, the church remained quite snugly within the church buildings, and these were places of impressive silence, mysterious activities, and a time of respite from the activities of the world — the ubiquitous sound of marching feet, the Heil Hitler salutes, the crowds always ready to explode into hysteria, and the furtive glances of many pedestrians. The church did not seem to enter into this world but to provide a haven from it:

Perhaps this impression on a child's mind was not altogether wrong. It is true that Pope Pius XI and his nuncio, Eugenio Pacelli (later Pope Pius XII) faced the double jeopardy of the rightist dictatorships and the bolshevik left, and seem to have seen the latter as the greater threat. It is also true that some church leaders spoke out boldly against the persecution of the Jews, notable among them being Msgr. von Galen and Cardinal Faulhaber. Many priests, such as Jesuits Delp and Mayer, offered active resistance, as did some unsung heroes and heroines among the laity. This last was due at least in part to hierarchic sponsoring of Catholic Action in many parts of Europe, and certainly also to the dynamic writings and lectures for the laity of such men as Karl Adam, Peter Lippert, and Romano Guardini;

not to mention the serious study of social and economic issues by dedicated Catholic scholars. But when all is said and done such initiatives did not represent the mainstream life of the church. For most Catholics (and probably for most clergy and hierarchs) hope related rather exclusively to a goal after death, and was supported by exercises of piety and the observance of the commandments in one's daily life.

At the same time, the church in the English-speaking world was not challenged in quite the same way. Because of the pattern of migrations, the English-speaking Catholic churches tended to be the faith communities and cultural homes of workers, often building solidarity through parochial schools and through the institutional support of workers' rights. In the U.S. the great depression added to the need for charitable activities on the part of the institutional church, and in the wake of the "Americanism" controversy, concern over orthodoxy seems to have outweighed concern over such major issues as racial discrimination. In any case, threats such as faced Europe between Hitler and Mussolini on one side and Stalin on the other, did not affect the English-speaking countries internally.

PEASANT CATHOLICISM

Europe was a cauldron of oppression coming to the boiling point and its churches were in need of the greatest wisdom and subtlety in discerning how to intervene, and of heroic courage in taking the appropriate actions. The vicissitudes of my family, however, transported us into a still eye of the storm where a very different kind of Catholicism survived. My father's Catholicism had been that of the intellectuals. My mother's, dating from her adult conversion, had been stamped with the Benedictine tradition with its focus on Bible, liturgy and continuity with traditions of Christian life, thought and spirituality. The Catholicism of Limburg in the southern Netherlands was peasant Catholicism of a vigorous and cheerful kind. It was inclusive of all aspects of human existence, and splendidly sure of itself, leaving no room for doubts or questions. I consider it a great gift and privilege to have known peasant Catholicism; it is the fertile soil out of which the church grew for many centuries.

In the pattern of village life, the church's calendar ruled everything. For the sacred Triduum of Holy Week, everything stopped, and everyone participated in the services. On Easter Sunday everyone went to church twice and wore new and festive clothes, probably spending the rest of the day visiting one another. On Corpus Christi everything stopped for the great procession which wound its way through every street and lane of the neighborhood, so that every house could be blessed with the Blessed Sacrament displayed in the monstrance. Those houses would have been cleaned and scrubbed inside and out, and decorated with flowers and banners. Christmas meant the whole village lit up and decorated, everyone coming to midnight mass, usually through the snow, and returning for a daytime mass in the morning. School children especially, but in some measure all the villagers, lived the cycle of the feasts and seasons of Christ's life as naturally as they breathed the air of the place. We were part of that cycle, it was our life, and the village was populated with opposing forces of angels and devils as distinctly as though we had seen them with our bodily eyes.

But it was not only the liturgical cycle that embraced us. We were also caught up in the festivals of the saints. St. Martin was a local patron, and on his feast there were great celebrations in a meadow near the village — a bonfire, games, distribution of treats for the children. And into the midst of it, riding on a great cart horse from one of the farms, came St. Martin in military cloak, accosted by a most miserable and pathetic beggar (homeless people and beggars being a phenomenon we knew only from fairy tales). We children would be jumping up and down with excitement, waiting for the dramatic moment when the great sword was drawn and the cloak slashed in two to be shared with the beggar. There were similar celebrations of saints' days, but most vivid of all was the Shrove Tuesday parade in which a good deal of audio-visual catechetical instruction was conducted live in the streets of the village. There were floats representing many biblical stories, sometimes a drama enacted in its entirety, and always a wonderful representation of hell, complete with devils bearing tridents. All Souls' day saw everyone attending three masses and then visiting the cemetery, bearing late blooming flowers or greens.

Not only was all our time sacred time, but all our space was sacred space. Houses were furnished with statues and holy water, people wore scapulars and medals, and village and wayside were dotted with little shrines. My mother, who was a sculptress, found that her madonnas were very much at home here because Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was a member of everyone's family in this culture. We were all part of the household of God, in which some were already gathered about the throne in heaven and the rest were on their way there, either in purgatory or on earth, but it was all really one extended family. Knowing the catechism was one of the Catholic obligations, but it was not really the way one learned the meaning of the faith: that was learned from life because it permeated the whole culture.

CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

There was only one way in which this apparently invulnerable worldview could come to an end — by external forces destroying the society and its culture. That happened with World War II, but I was not there to witness it: what I saw next was the Irish Catholicism represented in Scottish and English boarding schools. By 1939 it was clear that the Netherlands were by no means safe from Nazi occupation. My mother was unable to get a visa to any safe country for herself and her parents, but by May of that year we children found ourselves in boarding school in Edinburgh, Scotland. The world as seen from a convent boarding school of that time was violent, dangerous, but (except for intermittent air-raids) far away from this haven of literature, learning and the peacefulness of an orderly life framed in regular structure of prayer. In the war and immediate post-war years, in boarding schools and sometimes in hospitable family homes of English and Scottish people, a new type of Catholicism came into my ken.

It soon became clear that there were two quite distinct types of Catholics in Britain: there were the old English families that had maintained their Catholic allegiance through times of persecution and terror, through ridicule and exile, discrimination and poverty. They were mainly old families of landed gentry, who had sent their children overseas to be educated and had until recently led a rather secluded

life on their country estates. Some of their tenants might also have remained Catholic through the times of persecution. To these were often added other English families, often scholars or people distinguished in public service with continental connections. Such Catholics were reserved, well informed, careful in ritual observances, emotionally restrained in their devotional style, conservative in theological and church questions, and extremely private about their faith. Later, when the Second Vatican Council took place, many of them felt somewhat betrayed. There were aspects of Catholicism for which some of their ancestors, whom they could still identify by name, had died —such as the Latin Mass, the observance of fast and abstinence days, the veneration of saints and images, and particularly Marian devotion— all of which now seemed to be devalued. These old English Catholics and their Scottish counterparts were often highly educated and cultured people, and there was among them a serious tradition of private spiritual reading and of spiritual direction. Their sons often became Benedictines, Jesuits or Dominicans. Their daughters might become Benedictines, Religious of the Sacred Heart, Ursulines or Mary Ward Sisters. They tended to be quite class-conscious. Although they were certainly involved in many types of charitable activity, there is little evidence that they were moved to protest social injustices, towards the Irish for instance, or towards the subject peoples of the British Empire.

The other type of Catholic in England was Irish interspersed with some Italians and with second world war additions of Poles and others. The Irish Catholics in England were much more numerous and more evident, tended to be less educated, less reserved, less private about their devotions and perhaps also less critically aware of what was central and what was peripheral. The Irish Catholics of England and Scotland seemed more dependent on their parish clergy. They too carried vivid remembrances of persecution, but these were intimately entangled with the national question and therefore tended to evoke a more belligerent stance on behalf of Catholicism. The sons of the Irish Catholics were more likely to be found in the diocesan seminaries and among the diocesan clergy of England than in the older religious orders, and their daughters were more likely to be Mercy Sisters or members of other newer communities, especially those that maintained close ties with Ireland. In the parishes, of

course, the two types of British Catholics mixed, but always with some awkwardness and discomfort over the style of religious expression in art, music, participation in worship (such as it was in those days of passive attendance).

UNIVERSITY YEARS

Such were my observation growing up in Britain in those years. In retrospect I think they were by and large correct. It was when I began university studies in 1946 that I began to have some experience of what it was that kept the Catholic intellectual life in existence in Britain. I studied at one of the newer universities, often referred to as the "red brick universities" to distinguish them from those that traced their history to the middle ages, and therefore boasted dignified grey stone buildings. It was not only the brick that distinguished us: whereas the older universities had strong ties with the established church (the Church of England or of Scotland respectively), the newer universities had a very anti-religious (not specifically anti-Catholic) bias. It was feared by the bishops and their advisers that young Catholics attending these universities were in great danger of losing their faith. Something rather different happened. Most of us who gained admission to the universities had had excellent religious instruction in our high schools, and were keenly critical of any caricatures of religion presented to us. We took the attitude of our professors as an intellectual challenge calling for vigorous and well informed counterattack.

In any case, the bishops and the religious orders in collaboration identified some of the best scholars and teachers among their priests, and assigned them to be university chaplains. These chaplaincies were not permitted to take office on university property, but generally rented space nearby so that students could have easy access. Besides the social events calculated to encourage marriages within the Catholic community, and the liturgies and retreats to sustain the spiritual life of the students, theological lectures were a very important part of the work of the chaplaincies. Excellent lecture and discussion series were organized, and often guest lecturers were brought in. This was by no means something that was imposed on the students from

above. The undergraduates had long held the status of a club registered in the student union with the privilege of booking rooms and so forth. We ourselves, those of us who were keen to do it, often requested a series of lectures and found the lecturers. We had series on the modern social encyclicals of the popes, on particularly troublesome historical issues, and particularly on scholastic philosophy and theology. We were still in those years of the late forties in a mode of thinking about Catholicism, which focused on continuity with medieval achievements and tended to see all modern developments as oppositional to the faith. Hence we would arm ourselves intellectually against our philosophy professors and some of our history professors at the university. We were quite sure, and our elders encouraged us in the conviction, that by attempting a coherent and foolproof scholastic philosophical synthesis of our twentieth century lives and learning we were the hope of the future.

It was not surprising that we should have seen our Catholic intellectual identity in this way. The Modernist crisis was only a few decades behind us, Catholics in the universities still considered themselves in a state of siege, the theology of seminaries and religious scholasticates was still totally dominated by the aftermath of the Council of Trent, and we were proud of our certainties. It was, however, in the context of literary and historical discussions that some of the Catholic intellectuals who held teaching positions at the university found the freedom to think more broadly about the modern world, and some of us were privileged to belong to essay clubs in which such reflections were shared by small numbers of professors and students in a range of disciplines. Moreover, our horizons were necessarily broadened by exchanges in the student union where the Marxist Society was one of our favorite sparring partners, and where debating and drama were frequent and absorbing activities.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

Having graduated in law and subsequently in social science/ social service, I found that in the working world religion became extremely private again, but I continued to read and study theology. A great institution of the Catholic Church in Britain in those days was

the Catholic Truth Society, which did two things: it published books and pamphlets, and it held courses and public debates in Hyde Park in London. Such lively minds as C.C. Martindale, S.J., Frank Sheed, Maisie Ward, Frederick Copleston, S.J., Douglas Hyde and Vincent McNabb, O.P., were involved in this. From the lectures and public debates they had a good sense of the questions on the minds of thinking Catholics and others who might be interested in Catholicism. They left no stone unturned to find the most appropriate authors — authors who both understood Catholic theology and tradition thoroughly and were also able to express it in brief pamphlets and non-technical language. Most churches had pamphlet racks in the entry hall well stocked with the Catholic Truth Society publications, and from them any avid and intelligent reader could gain a good theological education.

Frank Sheed and Maisie Ward did more than publish pamphlets and speak at Hyde Park Corner. They themselves studied and wrote and eagerly recruited Catholic writers — novelists, essayists, historians, biographers and so forth. Moreover, they acquainted themselves with the continental Catholic writers and scholars and commissioned translations of Maritain, Guardini, Blondel and others. While Sheed & Ward in those days tended to look for the new, the firm of Burns & Oates continued to publish the old stand-bys— nineteenth century sermons and lives of Christ, traditional books of devotion and so forth.

With all this reading available, and the provision of public lectures, I found that I had quite an extensive theological education through informal channels long before I began formal theological studies at the Catholic University of America in 1955. Moreover, there was another very important intellectually formative experience for young people of those days. Encouraged by the success of the Jociste Movement on the continent, the English Jesuits, notably Fathers Bernard Bassett and Peter Blake, had begun to revive the sodalities of Jesuit educational history, under the name of the Cell Movement. It involved small groups which met on a regular basis, and annual national gatherings at the seashore for a week. Intended to encourage lay people to take an active role in the world about them to promote Christian values, the meetings included rather extensive study of, and

meditation upon, the Gospels. This was in a context in which it was still rather unusual for Catholics to do any private Bible reading. In the course of these meetings I became very familiar with the New Testament, though there was still no stimulus to read it in the light of the Hebrew Scriptures. It was when someone gave me a copy of the Jerusalem Bible in French (when it first came out), that the Bible as such was opened for me. I spent much time tracking down the marginal cross references, and slowly learned to recognize the allusions and to grasp some of the symbolism. I have the impression that someone with no other resource than the large edition of the Jerusalem Bible, complete with marginal cross references, could come to a very sound grasp of the Bible and of biblical interpretation.

Another formative influence for me in these years was an introduction through a friend to the writings of Dom Columba Marmion. In them I found the deeper theological interpretation of what I had experienced in the peasant Catholicism of Limburg. The pattern of the liturgical year as a frame for contemporary lives, the importance of symbolic stories and actions, and the wealth of role models all fell into place, broadening my sense of what theology was and how it functioned, from the narrow constraints of the scholastic model to a wider humanistic range.

AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

When I came to know the Catholic Church of the United States, in the mid-fifties, it was as a student of theology at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. After my earlier experiences of university studies in a secular, and even anti-religious environment, the Catholic University of America was a strange experience— on the one hand a sense of having come home intellectually, but on the other hand a sense of being intellectually cramped. I was amazed, for instance, that the philosophical background we were expected to have as students of theology totally excluded all of modern thought. Even though, as I noted before, we Catholic students of the British universities had some ideal and not clearly defined scholastic philosophical synthesis in mind as desirable, we had in fact assimilated and somehow integrated the modern

philosophy and social sciences we had read. Its absence in the theological scene as presented to us at that time at Catholic University was something I felt keenly, the more so as the Index of forbidden books had not swum across my ken before. At that time at the Catholic University the constraints of the Index were so earnestly and literally observed that not only the clearly anti-religious or seductively heterodox books were locked in wire cages where students would have no access, but such books as the translation of Romano Guardini's *The Lord* had found their way into the cages only because the translator or publisher had chosen an unauthorized translation for the biblical quotations.

Something else that I found amazing and distressing at this time was the lack of preparation of the priests who were my classmates in the M.A. and Ph.D. programs. I had not at that time had much experience of seminaries and seminary curricula and textbooks on either side of the Atlantic, and had always supposed that while we lay intellectuals who read theology purely out of interest were, so to speak, the beggars at the gate, that seminarians for whom the study of theology was a full time occupation were being provided rich fare so that they could continue and sustain the Catholic intellectual tradition. Why I should have thought this I do not know, because I had certainly heard many inadequate sermons, shallow retreat conferences, and inane conversations, but somehow I had thought that behind this was a depth of genuine theological reflection and wisdom that was not being shared with us. During that year of M.A. studies in the fifties it first began to dawn on me that the vocation to priestly ministry does not necessarily carry with it intellectual curiosity or studious inclination, and that ordination does not confer wisdom or intellectual maturity. Moreover, it began to be clear to me that if the tradition with all its wonderful intellectual history and content was to be sustained, brought into contact with the modern world, and enriched by new syntheses, the laity could not wait passively for this to happen in clerical circles.

That year and in the years that followed I began to see how this might come about. I was teaching during the year, getting exposure to a wide range of American parishes across the country, and

attending the summer sessions of the Summer School of Liturgy at Notre Dame University. The experience of the parishes at that time gave me a sense of how hard the American Catholics were trying to look American, and Catholics leaping with enthusiasm into the McCarthy era of Communist hunting. They were neither political like the continental European Catholics, nor simply enclosed in their own world like the peasant Catholics, nor yet were they discreetly private like the old Catholic families of England, or provocatively flaunting their difference like the Irish Catholics of England. They were trying to line up Catholic and U.S. ideals in the hope that they could be shown to be almost identical. This struck me so forcefully because of the contrast with the scholarly and creative reflection that I was hearing in the Notre Dame summer sessions. With generous endowments from the Grace shipping line, Michael Mathis was bringing from Europe many of the great scholars who were the forerunners of the Second Vatican Council in their thought — Bouyer, Danielou, Luykx, Bouman, Jungmann, Goldbrunner, Vitry and others, unfolding for us biblical scholarship, patristics, liturgical history and theology, the deeper meaning of the Gregorian chant and its link with the liturgical cycle, ecclesiology and the theology of pastoral ministry, new thought about missions, and much more. These summer sessions were a meeting of many cultures, and a window to the future of the churches. They opened doors to a more ecumenical pattern of reflection, and they gave the much needed historical perspective. It was during these years that I made the acquaintance of Godfrey Diekmann, a great teacher, who opened patristic literature and liturgical theology for countless numbers of adult Catholics who would later teach others. I also maintained contact with Gerard Sloyan who had been one of my professors in the MA program and who had introduced existential and historical dimensions into the study of the New Testament at a time when it was generally taught in a quite uncontextual way.

SECOND VATICAN COUNCIL

With this background of observation of local churches in Europe and America I came in the early sixties into contact with the universal church at the Second Vatican Council. By a gracious dispensation of providence I was in Rome, first to ghost-write a book for an official

at the Holy See, and then to help give retreats at the International Pius XII Centre of the Movement for a Better World. At the press conferences those who were fortunate enough to get tickets could hear Rahner, Schillebeeckx, Ratzinger (then very much in the theological vanguard), Kung, and many others among the periti explain the issues being presented to the Council and the reasons for their urgency or importance. Those of us who read Italian could actually follow the speeches day by day in the *Osservatore Romano*. This experience of the universal church awakening and speaking and taking note of the challenges of the modern world on all sides was an intellectually and spiritually intoxicating experience. I found that it vindicated so much that had seemed to be in tune with the gospel but had been held at bay by the guardians of orthodoxy. It was spoken of at that time as a new Pentecost, and it certainly was a new birth of the Church in the contemporary world.

RETURN TO WASHINGTON

Soon after the Second Vatican Council, I returned to the Catholic University of America, at the invitation of Gerard Sloyan who had always been a devoted talent scout for budding theologians. It is to him that I chiefly owe my subsequent career as a theologian because I had at the same time an invitation to return to my alma mater in England to teach the history of political philosophy, and without the assistantship in Washington I should certainly have remained in Europe, reading theology only as a personal interest and private sideline. Subsequent reflection has made me very sympathetic to conservative factions in the Church who found the post-conciliar changes intolerable. Had I returned to England, I would have been greatly enriched by the wider sense of Catholicism from my travels and greatly enlightened by the experience of the Council, but I would not have gone through the arduous, lengthy and sometimes painful process of rethinking my appropriation of my Catholic heritage, because I would not have had the leisure to do so, the easy access to wiser and older people going through the same process, and the advantage of being well guided in my reading.

The second stay at the Catholic University was wholly unlike the

first. Theological courses for the academic (as distinct from the pontifical) degrees were packed with graduate students, very many of them layfolk, many of them no longer young, who were in search of the new fountains of the old wisdom from the centuries, now that the floodgates had been opened. The student body in these graduate courses organized a lively liturgical and social life, so that it became an experience of church in a prophetic and visionary mode. The teaching of theology, largely under the guidance of Sloyan (who was doing the hiring), took on a problem-solving style, rather than a simply indicative or imperative one. It took on three-dimensional depth from the historical approach in which the shifting of perspectives and emphases, the raising of new questions through the ages and consequent changing shape of the project, and the debates that shaped the teaching at various times in the past, became evident. With this, of course, came the realization that all our theology is reflection on the praxis of our lives as Christians, and that all the official teaching of the church is the product of a communal discernment of the appropriateness of what emerges from the theological reflection on experience. To revisit the arguments and reflections of the past is a very privileged opportunity to serve an apprenticeship in the process of building our tradition. Because we live in the twentieth century that tradition is rich in literature, iconography, philosophy, spirituality traditions, liturgical forms, devotional options and patterns, as well as informal theology. It is a precious heritage and a very great responsibility entrusted to those of us with opportunity and leisure to read and reflect, to study and teach.

Why do I write, coming from such experience of the church and such opportunities to observe and study? Mainly because so many others with the potential to appropriate their faith in an intelligent and creative way do not have the opportunities that I have had, but also because I realize more and more what a delicate process of discernment is involved in judging what are the new insights that will truly enrich the old tradition and keep it to the gospel vision of world and redemption. Iconoclasm lurks ever at the door and in the corners of our awareness, and the function of the new is not to destroy but to fulfill. Many interested and intelligent Catholics of our time are given very little help in making those discernments.

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED

In my journey through the twentieth century as a Catholic scholar, what have I really learned? First of all, that we cannot keep the Holy Spirit out of the church, no matter how much we try to domesticate the whole enterprise. Secondly, that the church is wiser and more faithful when it listens discerningly to many voices, even those from outside its own boundaries. Thirdly, that we, all of us, are the bearers of tradition and the shapers of it for the future, and that we have immense wealth entrusted to us. Fourthly, never to be afraid of the truth, but to seek truth with humility and faith and the readiness to be proved wrong and to begin the search again. Fifthly, that conflict is part of growth and the shaping of tradition, but that hatred and rejection of those who differ need not be. And lastly, that as educated Catholics of our time we are part of a very important intellectual contribution to our society and to the world — a contribution that is an integral component of the redemption.




THE MARIANIST AWARD

Each year the University of Dayton presents the Marianist Award to a Roman Catholic distinguished for achievement in scholarship and the intellectual life.

Established in 1950, the award was originally presented to individuals who made outstanding contributions to Mariology. In 1967, the concept for the award was broadened to honor those people who had made outstanding contributions to humanity. The award, as currently given, was reactivated in 1986.

The Marianist Award is named for the founding religious order of the University of Dayton, the Society of Mary (Marianists). The award carries with it a stipend of \$5,000.

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